

Somebody's Servant Girl.

She stood there leaning wearily  
Against the window frame ;  
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,  
Her garments coarse and plain ;  
"Who is she, pray ?" I asked a friend,  
The red lips gave a curl—  
"Really ! I do not know her name,  
She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street  
With bundle trudge along,  
Her face was sweet and patient still,  
Amid the jostling throng ;  
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,  
Guarding with watchful care  
A market-basket much too large  
For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I thought a gentleman,  
Went pushing rudely by,  
Sweeping the basket from her hands,  
But turning not his eye ;  
Nor there is no necessity,  
Amid that busy whirl,  
For him to take a gentleman—  
To "some one's servant girl."

Ah, well it is that God above  
Looks in upon the heart,  
And never judges any one  
By just the outer part ;  
For if the soul be pure and good,  
He will not mind the rest,  
Nor question what the garments were  
In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair—  
By fortune reared and fed,  
Who will not mingle here below  
With those who earn their bread,  
When they have passed away from life  
Beyond the gates of pearl,  
Will meet before their Father's throne  
With many a servant girl.

EVERARD DALE'S LESSON.

"Everard, do not go and leave me here alone," said Agnes Dale, clasping her small hands piteously ; "it seems so gloomy, and trouble is near, I know."

"Nonsense, Agnes. There is no trouble coming. Your foolish fancy has invested my going to New York with terrors having no foundation," and Everard Dale laughed merrily.

"But there is no particular need of your going now, and you know how I feel."

"I could go next week or next month as well, but I must go sometime, and choose to go now, just to show how foolish your fancies are."

"Well, if that is the case, I will say no more about it," and having pleaded as long as her womanly dignity would allow, Agnes turned and left the room.

"What foolish creatures women are !" said her husband. "They think we must bow to every whim and fancy they have. I will not do so, that's certain."

Ah ! if husbands would sometimes humor their wives' fancies, much misery and many heart tragedies might be avoided.

Agnes Armand and Everard Dale had been married one year. Agnes was the most beautiful and wealthy young lady in Provost, and, while spending the summer there, Everard Dale had become acquainted with her and won her for his wife. She was proud, intelligent, accomplished and womanly ; and, having been brought up in a home where every wish had been gratified, had never known the sting of disappointment. Everard Dale was arbitrary and thoughtless in his own way, and careless in his method of obtaining it.

When she married Everard, Agnes had loved and honored him, but she had been bitterly pained when she came to know him thoroughly. Not that he was wicked ; he was simply selfish. He loved his wife, but his was one of the natures that think their manhood requires an assumption of authority, especially in their own households.

Everard and his wife had been growing away from each other all the year of their married life, and now he was doing an unnecessary act that would sever the already frail cord binding her to him.

She had become possessed with the idea that if he went to New York trouble would come to her, and this idea he had laughed at. She had tried entreaty, almost prayer, but he had remained obdurate. A poor hero, seemingly, yet there was feeling in him, if the weak selfishness that covered it could be penetrated, and something to awaken it to action.

"He does not love me at all, or he would do as I wish," and the proud woman bowed her head and wept bitter tears.

But she was mistaken. He did love her, and would have suffered much because of this love, but having lived for self alone, he did not know what consideration for others was.

"I will leave him," she continued, "I will not be treated like this ; since he cares but for my money he can have it ; and I have loved him so much."

Agnes was high-spirited, and with her action followed quickly after thought. At the time her husband reached New York she left Provost, bound for the great metropolis.

She left a letter for her husband on the table in her dressing-room. It was short and pointed, saying :

"EVERARD DALE—I have learned that when you said you loved me it was my money to which you referred ; keep it,

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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and may it do you much good. I love you, but I do not care to love and have no return ; therefore, I leave you. Where I am going no one knows, but I shall not come back. My trouble has come to me. Good-bye. AGNES."

Then, with hot tears burning her eyes, she went away.

Three days after this Everard came home, and inquired of the servant who admitted him where his wife was.

"Mrs. Dale left home the same day you did, and has not yet returned."

"Did she say where she was going ?"

"No, sir."

"Nor leave any word for me ?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

He stopped to hear no more, but hurried up the broad stairway to her rooms. They were chill and lonely, showing that no one had lately used them. A terror crept over him, but he went on to the dressing-room, which opened beyond her boudoir. There he saw the letter, and, breaking the seal, soon knew the extent of his loss.

Had his life met no shock, he would always have remained a selfish and arbitrary man ; but this tearing away of the cloak that hid his true nature from himself was what he needed to awaken his better manhood.

"I have wronged her and she hates me," he moaned, "and yet I love her," and the proud man wept like a child. But he roused himself, for, as I have said, his manhood was strong. "I will seek her," he said, "and find her if she be alive, and never shall my feet pass the door of this house unless she is with me, or I know that she is dead."

By inquiring at the station he found that she had taken the New York train. So he placed the house in charge of an old servant and followed her. And now began a weary search. He sought her among her old friends the fashionable people with whom she had been wont to mingle, but they know nothing about her.

Employers of sewing women were surprised to have a sad-eyed, fine-looking man solicit the privilege of walking through their work-rooms ; but though he visited all of these places that he could find, and repeated the inspection so often that the superintendents and employees thought him crazy, and refused him further admittance, he could find no trace of his wife.

Then he traversed the vile haunts of the city, and entered every home of vice, but she was not there. Each day brought him no nearer the end of his search, and still he did not grow hope less.

Once he thought he saw her. It was in an intricate maze of thoroughfares. As he was hurrying on a cart was backed violently on the sidewalk, and had not a rough, strong grasp held him, his search might have ended then and there ; when he could again proceed, the form he was following had disappeared. But a few seconds had intervened, and he hurried to the next crossing, expecting to see the familiar figure in this street, but it was not there.

Then he patiently inquired at every door for blocks on either side of the way he had been following, but to no avail. This search through the poverty stricken, crime reeking homes of New York made Everard Dale a worthy man, one in whom love for God, as shown in love for his creatures, budded and blossomed and grew to noble fruitage.

If I cannot find her, I can do some good with her money, he thought, and, whilst seeking her, his hand gave to those he found needing his help, and his words of kindness, hope and love called up smiles to many faces.

Leaving her home, Agnes had come to the great city, uncertain what to do or where to go. While her money lasted she fared well enough, but when it was all gone the bitter trial came.

She was beautiful, but beauty was a sad dower in the city where it is bought and sold for gold. She was talented, but such gifts command no price where there is an overplus of them. She was good, trusting, loving ; and the city is full of blighted innocence, blasted faith and broken hearts.

Agnes sought employment, and at last, when her plainest garment were all that hunger had left her, and starvation stared her in the face, her beauty obtained work from one who thought to make her his prey.

Those who have no knowledge of want, whose well-stocked wardrobes and growing tables prevent them from thinking that life is hard, or that some souls are tempted and lured into selling themselves for bread, forget that they are only a small part of humanity, and that many cannot command even the mean things they spurn. But want is purity's greatest foe, and charity should be rich indeed to many a fallen one.

Men who live in the haunts of vice are generally very good judges of those their will can conquer, but Harold Clargham was deceived in Agnes. She worked faithfully, but repelled all his advances with a scorn and contempt that was exasperating to one of his low and base nature, so he discharged her.

By strict economy she managed to keep her squalid attic room for a month after leaving Clargham's employ. Then winter and sickness came, and she was thrust forth one stormy evening, to go, she knew not where.

She wandered aimlessly along the streets, and was jostled and stared at, but she heeded it not ; she saw brilliant lights, but shunned these, and at last came to the docks.

The tall masts of the ships loomed up tall and ghost-like against the dark and heavy clouds. The waves came moaning among the wharves and vessels, and the sound seemed the death-song of a passionate, broken heart. There was a sob and wail in the rising wind that fitted well with the scene.

Alone, for the gloom had made all other mortals seek the glare of the well-lighted street, she watched the river flowing on to the ocean. She could dimly see it through a space left open at the end of the wharf whereon she stood, and it looked very cold and dark and still. She walked slowly toward it, and at last stopped just above its shadowy flow.

"It is only a step," she thought, and then leaped against the large post that stood at the corner of the wharf, and sighed wearily, and a sob shook her poor, weak form.

"Oh, if he had only loved me !" she said, but there was no whisper of hope to comfort her, and she did not know he had been seeking for her during all the long months of her suffering, that even now he was near her, watching, though he did not know it was she.

"I will end it now," she cried, bitterly, "and may God have mercy on my soul !"

Then she attempted to spring into the river's cold embrace, but a strong hand held her back. She turned, and from a passing vessel came a gleam of light that ran across the dark waters, up the face of the wharf and at last lit up their faces.

Agnes, darling !"

Everard !"

He took her in his arms and bore her back into the lighted streets. People stared at him, and wondering looks and questions followed him, but he heeded nothing, and carried the thin form that was light as a babe's to him, on to his hotel, where he lay her on his bed, and chafed the cold hands and feet, but she gave no sign of returning consciousness.

Then the physician came and gravely shook his head. "I cannot say that she will recover," he said, "and if she does her reason will doubtless be clouded."

Everard Dale's soul sent up a silent prayer to God : "Save her, good Father ; give me time and chance to show her how I love her, and long for her forgiveness," and God heard and answered her prayer.

It was after long weeks of watching and care that Agnes Dale opened her eyes to consciousness, and saw her husband bending over her, a great love and tenderness in his eyes, and heard a voice say, softly : "Forgive me, and love me again, my own darling."

Her weak hand sought his, and the wasted fingers closed around it, the light pressure telling him that he was loved and forgiven. Experience had made him tender and loving, as well as strong and true, and when Everard Dale bent down and kissed his wife's thin lips, the kiss spoke to her soul and told it what it what it most longed to hear.

As from darkness comes light, as from the rough seed springs the beautiful flower, and from the coldness of winter is born the glory of spring, so from sor-

row and pain came trust and love and joy came to these two souls.

My story is finished ; and, though it may seem that it is founded on a little thing, still all lives are made up of such, and were it not for the little joys and glad spots in them, they would be dark indeed. If we will consider the feelings of others—let the one to be considered hold the position of wife, child, friend, or stranger, it matters not which—we will find that our thoughts will meet with fewer rebuffs, and that gladness and true kindness are not such rare things as we thought them to be.

## Tweed's Troubles.

HOW HE GAVE THE OFFICERS THE SLIP—EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY.

Harper's Weekly of last week contains a carefully compiled account of Tweed's flight and exile, from a diary kept by Tweed. It sets forth that the unfounded announcement of the death of Charles O'Connor, who was conducting the case against him, was a severe blow to the prisoner, as he felt that there were no other persons with whom he could settle his case.

Among his fellow-prisoners were Chas. Lawrence, the silk smuggler, from whom he learned all about the extradition treaties, and Bliss, the contriver of the Northampton bank robbery, who first suggested to him the possibility of escape. He would not listen to this at first, but finally agreed with Bliss and some of his friends outside that for a certain sum of money they would undertake his escape, and land him in Spain or under the Spanish flag. No member of his family, his counsel, or his friends knew of the plan.

It was arranged that the escape was to be made from his house and accordingly he made several visits there before the opportunity presented which occasion when after his keeper had eaten and drunk at his expense, one of them rose to wash his hands. Tweed saying he would also wash, went into the hall, closing the door after him. He then left the house and met a tradesman's wagon from which a man signalled to him. He entered the wagon which was driven rapidly into Madison avenue, but there it had to stop among a lot of citizens and mounted police, who were putting a misplaced car over the track. He describes his feelings while here as terrible. The wagon soon started and drove zig-zag across the city to the North River, where he was taken into a row boat and landed in a lonely part of the Palisades, not far from the well-known spot where Aaron Burr killed Hamilton. After a ride of three quarters of an hour the wagon was stopped in front of a dilapidated old homestead, where Tweed was met by another of his newly found friends, who greeted him quietly, with assurances of safety.

Here Tweed remained from December 4th till about the first week in March under the name of John Seor, an invalid, desiring rest and fresh air. He had his whiskers shaven off, and his hair clipped and put on a wig. The removal of his whiskers gave his features, jaws and cheek bones greater prominence, and with the wig and gold spectacles, he was quite transformed. The wig was of reddish yellow hair, curled tight, cut square and quite well down on his neck.

Tweed watched the progress of the proceedings against him after his flight, and kept himself thoroughly posted. He saw the defeat of the motion for a dismissal of the proceedings, and scanned with wonder the proceedings of the struck jury. Upon the appearance of O'Connor in the case Tweed became uneasy, and moved to a deserted fisherman's hut, near the Narrows, on Staten Island, his two companions accompanying him. Here the party stayed two weeks.

While here he crossed the channel one night and slept in Brooklyn. During his stay on Staten Island a light and fast sailing schooner was fitted out and manned by himself and his two companions and a negro boy. He started at last from the pier in front of the fort in a row boat at night, and started on a pleasant cruise.

In due course and without anything noticeable they reached the Lagoons, on the coast of Florida. Tweed was here joined by Hunt, who was a practical hunter and guide. His chief source of profit was to pilot the pleasure parties who seek Florida during the winter months. Hunt led Tweed into the interior, where they remained hunting and fishing until the climate became too hot, when he proceeded to the neighborhood of St. Augustine's, whence he sailed in a fishing-smack for Cuba, arriving at midnight within ten miles of Santiago de Cuba.

Avoiding the towns and settlements, they finally came within sight of a fisherman's hut, and engaged the owners to take them to Santiago. On their arrival there they were met by a custom house officer, who demanded their passports. Not being able to comply, they were arrested and placed on board the Spanish man-of-war Chereuca. This was the 12th of June, 1876, and he was released on the 23d.

The remainder of this article is devoted to a description of his experiences in Spain, his conveyance to the Franklin, and subsequent return to the United States, all of which is well known.

The following extract from a letter to Charles O'Connor, written December 6th, 1876, shows how ready Tweed is to settle, and makes it easy to believe that he will soon be at large :

"It is not my purpose to dispute, or appeal, or further resist the suits which you have against me in the name of the State and the people. I propose forthwith to place at your disposal a full surrender of all I have left of property or effects, and respond at once to such an examination in this connection as may assure you and the public of the good faith of this assignment, and will show the entire amount and deposits of all I am possessed of, so far as you may wish it to be detailed. I am an old man, greatly broken in health, cast down in spirit, and can no longer bear my burden. To mitigate the prospect of a hopeless imprisonment which must speedily terminate my life, I should, it seems to me, make any sacrifice or effort."

Washington Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 31, '77. The South Carolina question is now, and probably will be for the next week at least, the leading topic for political conversation and conjecture. Both parties to the contest are now in Washington. Chamberlain came Tuesday, and Hampton arrived Thursday morning. Chamberlain called on the President in a few hours after his arrival, but as he was then busy with his Cabinet, he invited Chamberlain to lunch with him, which he did the same afternoon. No mention made of business until Thursday, when Chamberlain had a conference with the President, Secretary Evarts, and others of the Cabinet, consulting freely with them concerning the political situation in his State. Hampton was accompanied by quite a delegation of prominent gentlemen from South Carolina, and was met at several stations along the route by immense crowds of people, with bands of music, whom he addressed briefly, saying that his visit to Washington was merely a matter of courtesy to the President, that he asked no recognition from any one, but should demand his rights. He arrived at about two o'clock Thursday A. M., and proceeded directly to Willard's Hotel, where the best quarters were reserved for him. In the forenoon he sent a note to President Hayes, asking at what hour he would see him, and the President's reply was that he would be happy to see him at the white house at one o'clock. Pursuant to this, at the appoint hour, Mr. Hampton in company with Senator Gordon and Attorney-General Conner of S. C., called upon the President and took lunch with him, discussing the South Carolina question freely and thoroughly. President Hayes has a way of drawing people out and putting them at their ease by showing them that he is really anxious that the right shall prevail, and earnest to do everybody justice. He has not committed himself as yet to any line of action in the matter, but his conferences with both Chamberlain and Hampton have had the effect of impressing the minds of each of those gentlemen with the idea that the President is in earnest to do just the right thing.

The Louisiana Commission is at length made up, and consists of ex-Governor John C. Brown, of Tenn. ; John M. Harcan, of Kentucky ; Chas. B. Law-

rence, of Illinois ; Jos. R. Hawley, of Conn. ; Wayne McVeigh, of Penn. The last-named gentleman is a son-in-law of ex-Senator Simon Cameron, an ex-Minister of Turkey, and one of the ablest lawyers of Penn. The members of the Commission will reach Washington on Saturday, and consult with the President and Vice President concerning the proposed movements of the Commission, which will start for New Orleans next Monday. No formal instructions will be given the Commission, as the President desires that it shall be free to act as it shall deem fit and necessary, without being trammelled by any particular line of Executive policy.

A harmony of sweet sounds is already beginning at the White House in the form of the piano-makers' war. Immediately after President Grant's first inauguration a new piano was purchased, which has been in constant use there ever since. Naturally enough, rival piano makers now want to put in a new instrument, and so eager is each to have the benefit of such an advertisement as his pianos would receive by being the one used in the Executive Mansion, that all of the competing manufacturers offer to give a new piano for the old one. President Hayes shrewdly evades the annoyance of the clamoring rival manufacturers, by referring the matter to a number of Washington gentlemen who are cognizant of the merits of the several makes of pianos, and will accept whichever they decide is best.

Diltz, the Michigan man, who shot Mrs. Storer, in the Treasury, a week or two ago, has been pronounced "not guilty, on plea of insanity," and is to be placed in the District Insane Asylum.

M. M. W.

## The Rejected Candidate.

BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.

There is a stir in the parsonage. The door-bell rings, and a jaded carpet-bagger enters. Children leave their plays, shouting "Papa's come ! papa's come !" and the anxious, careworn wife leaves for a moment her household duties to greet her returning husband. "Well, what is the news ?" is the first inquiry ; "What success did you have ?" "Not much, I fear," is the reluctant answer. "I tried to preach as well as I could ; but I did not feel well on the Sabbath ; did not rest well the night before ; was anxious, nervous, and embarrassed, and could not do myself justice. Besides, there were ten on the list before me. Ten or twenty more are to be heard from. Most of the people do not seem to know what they want, or whether they want any one, and our chances look pretty dim in that direction."

And who is this that is uttering this complaint, and whose application to a vacant church is thus summarily disposed of ?

It is one of the Lord's servants,—an ambassador of the King of kings. He may have been one of the humblest of Christ's ministers, and yet he bore a Divine commission, and had credentials which should have entitled him to respect. He was also a man who had spent years of toil and study in preparing for his profession, and who once had hopes and aspirations as high as any. Perhaps he was the first in his class in college, and stood head and shoulders above many whom he has since seen mounting upward to prominent positions about him. Called of God, as he believed, to preach the Gospel, he gave up his thoughts of law, and sacrificed his cherished plans and opportunities of distinction in other professions. By his own untiring energies, through years of toil and hardship, he struggled into the ministry, and has been trying to be faithful. Circumstances which favored others, kept him down ; and the bright hopes which others cherished concerning him, have never been realized. His lot in life seemed to be to toil in obscurity, and wear out his life unrequited for and unknown. Moved by the wants of a numerous family, and contrary to his own feeling and inclinations, he ventured to make an application to a vacant church that could pay a salary up on which he and his could live. Not because he was anxious for a "big place," or because he aspired to things above him, but because the wolf was at the door, and hungry children were crying for bread, he was willing to leave his

home, and appear as a candidate before that strange congregation,—to set himself up as a mark for their criticisms, and run the gauntlet of their prejudices and capricious opinions, in the bare hope of winning the prize.

Never will he forget the anxieties of that feverish, restless night, or of that Sabbath morning. Nothing but the love of Christ and the thought of the dear ones at home dependent upon him for their daily bread, could have tempted him to stand there. Yet the necessity is laid upon him, and he must do the best he can.

The result is what we have seen. All, as they listened to his earnest burning words, were compelled to acknowledge his ability and his talents. No one questioned his sincerity or his piety. Never was the gospel preached more simply, purely, and earnestly. But one influential money-man as he listened said to himself "His hair is too gray. Our young people must be brought in. My daughters will be more interested in a young minister." "We must have a young man to gather in the young people." "His face is too pale," says another, "we don't want a sickly minister."

Another, more fastidious, remarks, "His coat and dress are not of the latest style. His hair is not combed smoothly enough, and is not the right color. He is not the man. We want one who is a finished gentleman in all these things."

Another, who is more familiar with the graces of the drawing-room or the ball-room than with the graces of the Christian life, and better versed in the arts of the theatre than in any right principles of Christian oratory, gives it as his wise opinion, that "his gestures are not graceful enough. He is too nervous—acts too much like a man in earnest. He will never do for us. We want an orator."

Another says, "The man appears well enough, but some of these people did not use the old minister right, and now is my chance. Those who introduced that man here, voted against my candidate, and now I will let them see how they like it. I'll show them. He can never have my vote."

So they go on expressing their opinions, till it is found that a large majority without any sufficient reason have virtually decided the question against him, and the candidate is rejected, and to a certain extent dishonored. The church remains vacant, or continues as an arena for the display of championship for months longer. All Christian work and benevolent contributions are suspended. One candidate after another is called for to go through the same process of decapitation, till the church, weary of slaughter, agrees to take the last man that comes, and settles down into a stolid indifference, waiting for some better opportunity to realize its expectations of getting some one that can suit everybody for a thousand dollars a year ! Is it any wonder that men of delicacy and sensitiveness shrink from entering the ministry under such circumstances. Is it any wonder that men leave the ministry for other callings, and that some of the best men in the Church remain unemployed month after month and year after year ? Is it any wonder that there are so many W. C.'s and vacant churches on the Minutes of the General Assembly ? Is it any wonder that even on missionary fields in Kansas there are more ministers without a charge than there are stated supplies or pastors ? Is it any wonder that conversions are so few, missionary funds so scanty, and that there are everywhere signs of spiritual dearth, decay, and desolation ? The wonder is that so many faithful men continue at their posts as long as they do. Nothing but the love of Christ, and that His cause is dearer to them than anything else, would lead them to bear all this so patiently. Any man who has the *spark of a mouse* would rather take his axe or his shovel and go to work with them for a living than submit to the degradation of seeking a place, or be so dependent on a class of men who assume to decide with so much assurance matters about which they are as ignorant as cattle.

There is an evil in our whole system of ministerial changes which needs to be corrected, and the sooner the better will it be for the Church, the ministry, and a perishing world.

A bogus gas-inspector, with a badge on his coat lapel, and a busy, bustling air in general, called at a Philadelphia mansion, the other day, saying that he wished to "examine the pressure." As he went down the front steps, a moment later, propelled by the sturdy boot of the proprietor, he made up his mind that it must be about one thousand pounds to the square foot.

A Federal street man had just said to a friend, "Let's take another—" when his wife turned the corner, but his duty to his wife was not forgotten. "View of the situation," he added.—Camden Post.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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## Halifax, N. S., Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

We have received a copy of the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Halifax Institution for the year 1876. It affords us much pleasure to present to our readers a few facts in relation to the affairs of a neighboring institution, which, although planted on a foreign soil, is nevertheless a sister institution, and dear to us by the ties which unite in common sympathy the interests of all who are working out the grand problem of ameliorating the social and moral condition of the deaf and dumb. We read with equal pleasure the successful results which are year by year being achieved in the institutions of our own vast and wealthy Empire State, and throughout the broad area of our Republic, and as far as possible, all over the entire world, comparatively speaking. Our review of institution reports must of necessity be rather limited, and if in our hasty glances at their contents, we pass unnoticed facts or figures deserving of special comments, we do so not from design or gross carelessness, but imperatively for lack of time or space, or both. We make this explanation for the enlightenment of those of our readers who, perhaps, wonder that we give so few details in regard to the institutions. Those few of our many readers who have ever taken the trouble to compile some of the institution reports will readily understand the difficulty that attaches to the task of compressing the most important features embraced in the contents of a school report, comprising a pamphlet of from thirty to one hundred and twenty pages of closely-printed matter within from one-half to one and a half or two columns of space in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. But however arduous the task, we derive much pleasure in giving our readers the outlines of, and a slight insight into the general management and the approximate results of the zeal manifested and labor bestowed by considerate and intelligent boards of trustees and judicious and sympathetic principals and teachers.

The Halifax Institution, which was established in 1857, is located in Cottingham St., Halifax, N. S. In some respects its past history has been a remarkable one. In a sanitary point, we doubt if among all the deaf-mute institutions it has its equal; but three deaths among its pupils have occurred during the entire nineteen years since the founding of the institution. We have yet to hear of a single institution of like age that can say as much of its own sanitary affairs. If there is one we shall take the greatest pleasure in recording the fact. The above single statement speaks volumes in praise of the sanitary management of the institution. The fact that only three deaths have taken place among the pupils of this institution is the more remarkable when we remember that measles and diphtheria have been so rampant within the precincts of the Halifax Institution. Under the careful supervision of the Principal, J. Scott Hutton, A. M., ably seconded by his excellent matron, Mrs. Vinecore, and the untiring labors of his assistant teachers, good progress has been made during the past year in adding largely to the stock of knowledge of the aspiring pupils of the institution under the approving smiles of a kind Providence. The whole number of pupils in attendance at the institution during the year 1876 was, of males, 35; females, 15; total, 50. The entire number of the counties in the Province of Quebec (18) have shared in the benefits of the institution since its establishment. Still there are yet a considerable number of pupils who ought to and might be obtaining an education within the walls of the institution.

There has been a good moral and social atmosphere pervading the institution. Besides the pupils, there has been an attendance at the Sunday services of deaf-mutes, making the whole number benefited by the institution during the year, sixty-four. The number (Dec. 31st) in attendance at the institution was 39, being five more than at the same date in 1875. The number of new pupils on the 31st of Dec. last was larger than in any previous year.

Among the pupils who have left school, one boy who had learned something of the printing trade, is employed as a compositor in the Patriot office in Charlotte-town and another is engaged in an architect's office in Halifax. As a large proportion of the pupils last year were young men, it is not surprising that the standard of attainments was not as high as it might have been under other

circumstances. Still the educational labors were attended with a fair average of success. As far as practical, industrial training continues to be given to the pupils. The boys are employed in printing, tag-making, gardening, carpenter work, and other useful work about the premises. The girls assist in the various branches of feminine and domestic work, which are fitting them for usefulness after their graduation from school.

The annual examination of the pupils occurred on the third of July, and the results were creditable to the pupils and reflected much credit upon the principal and his assistants. From the press notices in regard to the examination, we copy a brief one which in all material points substantially includes the leading features of the exercises. The following was published in the Presbyterian Witness of July 8, 1876:

The annual examination of the pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, took place on Monday afternoon in the Association Hall. A large attendance of the public, representing the various churches and the examination was conducted by the Principal, J. Scott Hutton, A. M. It was exceedingly interesting to witness the performances of the pupils in their intelligence—the intensity of their attention to their teacher—the trustful affection beaming in their faces—the wonderful rapidity and accuracy with which they could express their ideas in writing on the black-board—their answers to questions in history, geography, astronomy, and other branches of knowledge. The pupils range in age from about eight years to sixteen or eighteen. There were 27 boys and 11 girls present. It is to be regretted that the proportion of girls under instruction should be so small. The attendance in four of the classes was as follows: First class, 10; Second class, 7; Third class, 6; Fourth class, 4. The exercises closed by the pupils repeating the Lord's Prayer in the sign language.

Intellectual Department.  
 Junior Class.  
 1. James Kelly, Moncton, N. B.  
 2. Clinton Donkin, Amherst, N. S.  
 Second Class.  
 1. J. H. Dunlop, Lower Village, Truro.  
 2. Edward Roberts, Parreboro', Cumberland.  
 Third Class.  
 1. James Gardner, Newfoundland, (highest number of good marks in the school).  
 2. Minnie Mosher, St. Croix, Maine.  
 3. Graham P. Logan, Halifax.

Industrial Department.  
 1. Printing.  
 Even McKay, P. E. Island.  
 2. Gardening and odd work.  
 J. A. Ward, Newport, Hants.  
 3. Sewing and Housework.  
 Rose Kelly, Moncton, N. B.  
 The exercises closed by the pupils repeating the Lord's Prayer in the sign language.

Last August, Principal Hutton and two pupils of the institution visited St. John's and several other towns on the Island of Newfoundland, for the purpose of getting the sympathies of the people enlisted in the cause of the uneducated deaf-mutes of that portion of the Province. The visit resulted very favorably. Contributions for the benefit of the institution from the people of Newfoundland to the amount of about \$600.00, and the acquisition of several new pupils are among some of the fruits already realized from the principal's circulars and personal visit among the people, and many more good results are still anticipated.

The following from the St. John's Morning Chronicle of August 17th will give our readers an idea how Mr. Hutton and his mission were received in that city:

"Last evening a meeting on behalf of the deaf and dumb was held in the Drill Shed. Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather and the attractions of a concert at the same hour, the attendance was large. Letters of apology from His Excellency the Governor and Bishop Kelly were read, expressing their regret that owing to indisposition they were unable to attend, and each enclosing a donation of \$5.00. A letter of apology from Judge Robinson was also read, enclosing a donation of eight dollars, and expressing regret at the unavoidable absence of J. Scott Hutton, Esq., Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Halifax, then delivered a very able and instructive address, explanatory of the condition of deaf-mutes and of the methods by which their instruction is conducted. It is a task, he said, to the deaf-mutes which such suffering have, of the sympathy and aid of the benevolent, and of the government of every country. Mr. Hutton then brought forward two young pupils of the Halifax Institution who were then playing a series of most interesting exercises, illustrative of the system of education through which they had passed, and furnishing ample proof of the results of their training in developing the intellectual faculties. The quickness and correctness of their replies in writing, as well as by signs, to the various questions put, elicited the admiration of the audience. One of the pupils astonished the audience by uttering distinctly the names of various objects, and repeating several words after Mr. Hutton.

Resolved, That the meeting feeling deeply interested in the condition of the uneducated deaf-mutes of our island, and recognizing their strong claims on the sympathy and aid of the community, earnestly urge upon the Government and Legislature the necessity of providing for the education of the neglected class of the population, the educational privileges hitherto enjoyed exclusively by those blessed with hearing and speech. And voting that the Halifax Institution for the Deaf and Dumb offer to undertake the education of our island deaf-mutes on most favorable terms, and has already been doing this to some extent gratuitously; therefore resolved that the meeting earnestly commend to the confidence and support of the people and Government of Newfoundland.

Mr. Hutton will, during the next two days, attend the convention of St. John's deaf-mutes, and will be contributing to the fund of his excellent institution. Deaf-mutes from Newfoundland will be received and educated gratuitously.

Principal Hutton and his two pupils were also very hospitably entertained at Harbor Grace and Carbonear, and were very generously treated during their trip, both going and returning, in the way of reduced fares, free rides and board bills, and in various ways which combined to make the trip one of pleasure as well as profit.

The treasurer's report of moneys received and disbursed shows that \$8,728.85 was received, and \$5,677.70 paid out, leaving a balance of \$3,051.15.

In conclusion we may add that the Halifax Institution is growing to be regarded more favorably by the people of Eastern Canada, and the great necessity of educating the deaf and dumb is now felt by all the better class of people, the natural outgrowth of which will result in a better attendance of pupils with constantly increasing additions to their numbers, and proper provision for means to efficiently support the school in a manner commensurate with its necessities.

The Ames Iron Works in Oswego are making engines for the Pacific coast, which will use straw for fuel.

## Re-elected to a Very Important Office.

The senate and assembly of our State Legislature recently held a joint session for the election of a State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The names of several gentlemen of acknowledged abilities and ripe scholarship were presented, among which was the present occupant of the office, Hon. Neil Gilmore, who having received a large plurality of votes over all other candidates, was duly declared re-elected. The honorable gentleman having for one term already performed the very important and engrossing duties which attach to his office with abundant credit to himself and to the general satisfaction of all who wish for the prosperity of our common school system, much good results may be reasonably expected from his continuance in office for another term. The deaf-mutes among the rest of the people of this State may heartily rejoice that Mr. Gilmore is re-elected, as he always manifests deep interest in the success of the deaf-mute education. All parties and classes have reason to rejoice that so gentlemanly and efficient a superintendent as the Hon. Neil Gilmore is to continue to be the leading representative of our fundamental school system. His duties are numerous—almost endless—and attended with great moral responsibility, but he is in every respect equal to the demands, and as he has for one term already fulfilled with very praiseworthy results the broad and comprehensive duties resting upon him and as he now possesses the advantages derived from experience, it may be confidently expected that the period of three years embraced in his ensuing term of office will be marked by very many commendable progressions in the whole labyrinthine network of our system of public school principles which permeates the broad domains of our glorious Empire State.

## Jealous Bickerings.

The Deaf-Mute Mirror of the 30th ult., appropriates much of its precious space to scraping up scandal bickerings in relation to the JOURNAL, accusing us of misconstruing the true meaning and application of certain statements contained in that paper, and rallies back on us for arguments propounded by our correspondents. In general terms it howls about the frowns and sour looks from the East towards the Mirror, and an occasional scowl from the Prairie State, and in an insinuating manner in comparison with the Mute Journal of Nebraska, hints to its readers that ours is not a first-class deaf-mute paper. We do not envy the jealous feelings of the editor of the Mirror. We deny in toto that we have selected paragraphs from that paper and perverted their true meaning. As to arguments between our correspondents and the editor of the Mirror, or with his correspondents, we trouble not our lead. If the Mirror includes ours in the list of papers that send frowns and sour looks from the East, we do not like without cause to be credited with any such discourtesies. As to ours being a semi-deaf-mute paper our readers are perhaps better judges than the Mirror man. In regard to the standard of worth and usefulness of the JOURNAL, we trust to the opinions of our subscribers and of other persons who have from time to time perused its columns. We simply say this much in self-defense, desiring if possible no editorial quarrels with exchanges. With Grant we say "let us have peace," but we intend in all cases to defend ourselves against the attacks of any or all newspapers.

## The Queen's Grand Jury visits a Deaf-Mute Institution.

We learn from the Daily Intelligencer (Belleville, Ontario), of March 22d last, that the grand jury of the Spring Assizes has been making an inspection of some of the public institutions of the Province, the Belleville Institution for the Deaf and Dumb among others, for the purpose of inquiring into their condition and management. The following clipped from the Intelligencer relates to the visit of the jury to the Belleville Institution for Deaf-Mutes: "The Grand Jury also visited the Provincial Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, which is located here, and found that there are two hundred and twenty-eight pupils therein. The officials, who are very kind and courteous, gave an exhibition showing the remarkable proficiency attained to by several of the pupils, some of whom are very young. They visited the different departments of the institute, and found everything connected therewith in a condition that reflects great credit on the manager of it. The pupils appear to be quite happy and contented, and under the perfect control of the officials, who appear to administer their discipline in a firm but affectionate manner. They examined the dietary and found it satisfactory."

## Failure of a Deaf-Mute Swindler's Big Game.

An Indianapolis dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer, under date of April 7th, has the following: "This afternoon William M. French, a deaf-mute, surreptitiously secured a blank warrant signed 'E. Henderson,' from the State Auditor's office, filled the space with 'Pay C. M. Wilson \$1,500 on account of groceries furnished the Deaf and Dumb Asylum,' and presented the warrant for payment by the State Treasurer. The Deputy State Treasurer detected the imposition by the substitution of 'groceries' instead of 'current expenses,' and handed the warrant back to French, with instructions to request the State Auditor to make the necessary correction. French became alarmed and fled, and was arrested this evening. He is the man writing under the signature of W. Brown, and making wholesale charges against Superintendent McIntire, of the above asylum, some two years ago; but he is mainly remembered as the principal liar in the McIntire-Fawcett libel-suit."

## A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, April 15th.  
 The Psalter for the 15th day of the month.  
 Morning Prayer.  
 1st Lesson—Hosea XIII.  
 2d Lesson—Acts III.  
 Evening Prayer.  
 1st Lesson—Hosea XIV.  
 2d Lesson—Colossians I.  
 Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday after Easter.

## Sunday, April 22d.

The Psalter for the 22d day of the month.  
 Morning Prayer.  
 1st Lesson—Joel III, verse 9th.  
 2d Lesson—Acts V.  
 Evening Prayer.  
 1st Lesson—Micah IV.  
 2d Lesson—Colossians III.  
 Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday after Easter.

## The Itinerizer.

The files in this column items that relate to deaf-mutes, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itinerizer.

There is a small school for deaf-mutes in Rochester, Indiana.

Principal Parker, of the Michigan Institution lately made a visit at the Ohio Institution.

Miss "PASTY" EDMONDSON, a deaf-mute aged over seventy, died recently in Albion, Ill.

There is a rush of contractors to build the Protestant Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, in Montreal, seventy bids having been received by the architect.

Miss ANGE FULLER suggests that a committee on memoirs of graduates be appointed, to report at the coming reunion of pupils of the Illinois Institution.

Dr. GILLET, of the Illinois Institution, was presented, by the pupils, with a beautiful cake, and flowers in sweet variety, on the occasion of his birthday, March 24.

Mr. J. J. STEWART, of the County Clerk's Office, Utica, N. Y., lately took a Southern trip, and has got back, bringing with him Mrs. Stegman and his little son and heir.

An English periodical prescribes a continual reading of printed matter to cure those afflicted with "deaf-mutism." It guarantees the remedy to make muteness, generally, sound and healthy writers of language.

Rev. A. W. MANN held a service in the Chapel of St. Paul's Church, at Flint, Mich., in the evening of Easter Sunday. A large number of the advanced pupils of the Michigan Deaf-Mute Institution located there, were in attendance.

Who wouldn't be an editor? The Mirror man recently got a big bunch of real Havana, from a brother of one of the pupils, who, we notice, has an article in the paper describing the recent visit of Dr. REYNOLDS to the Michigan Institution.

The Senate Committee that visited the Illinois Institution, were much pleased with the appearance of everything. Among the other facts of general information gleaned by the committee, we note that the buildings have cost up to date \$300,000.

WILLIE, the oldest son of Prof. BRIDG, lately deceased, has been adopted by an uncle at Sunbury City, Minn. The oldest daughter ELIZA has been adopted by Mrs. DURANT, of Flint, Mich., the other two children are cared for by Mr. Stone's people of the latter place.

Prof. WM. H. WEEKS, a teacher in the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., is building a good brick house. Mr. Weeks has been sick with inflammation of the lungs, and has been absent from the school-room for some time, but has again resumed his labors.

Prof. JOE TURNER, the deaf-mute worker, returned to this city last evening after an interesting mission of two weeks. It is expected to remain here two weeks to attend to his humane work, which has rendered him well known to the public.—Worcester Gazette, April 5, 1877.

The last reading of the Michigan Reading Club, although not fully reported in the Institution paper, was up to the usual standard. A "jumping tooth ache," prevented the editor of the Mirror from attending. We thought something was the matter with our friend of the quill. Pull that tooth.

The latest addition to the pupils of the Central New York Institution, is a little boy about seven years old. His worldly effects came with him in a little paper box 12x6, and consisted of a pair of suspenders, one red shirt, one cotton shirt, a good deal of the worst for wear, one calico waist and a suspicion of a handkerchief. The times are hard.

A CORRESPONDENT in a recent issue tells us that whenever the deaf in Germany may be doing in the articulation line, they certainly appreciate their newspapers. One of them, the Deaf-mute's Friend, has a circulation of 3,000 copies! Do you hear that, gentlemen? Here is a good example for you. Rally round your JOURNAL to the tune of 3,000, and then our French system of instruction cannot be pointed at as death to its newspapers.

A LITTLE deaf-mute boy, eight or ten years old, was lately learning the story of Jacob and Esau. His teacher told him that Isaac was very old and could not see well, and, referring to the Patriarch's desire to bless Esau, asked what Isaac intended to do before he died. "Where his eyes very dim?" asked the boy. "Yes," said the teacher. "Well," replied the little fellow, his eyes radiant with a new thought, "he wanted to get a pair of spectacles."—Educator.

The Ohio Institution recently received a hurried visit from a delegation of Indiana gentlemen. When the party got home, its scribe summed up the visit as follows: "We made a tour of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, under charge of Dr. G. O. F. F. We saw a lot of young people, and saw a capacity to teach deaf and dumb ideas how to shoot, but as a pedestrian he is a decided success. He was informed when we arrived that we had but five minutes to stay, and desired to inspect the institution. He said he could make it, and lit out, 'we were following' as rapidly as our pedagogue would permit. The immensity of the structure was profuse, but he made it, and when we were lifted into our carriages at the end of our rapid transit we would have whispered a word of cheer in his ear, had we had sufficient strength left us, but we were too much fatigued for any sentimental display. We are miles away from the Doctor, but we will never forget him."

Mr. J. D. BROWER, a deaf-mute who was educated at the Iowa Institution, is now living at Salem, Oregon. He left school in 1863. In 1872 he went to Oregon where he has since resided, and is a printer and accountant by occupation. Mr. BROWER speaks in terms of much praise of the country and in our next issue will be published a letter from him in relation to its many advantages and resources. Our readers will find his article well worthy of perusal, and very interesting.

On Thursday, in Holy Week, March 29th, in Grace Church, Allentown, Penn., the Rev. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN baptized a deaf-mute at 4:30 P. M. In the evening the Rev. Bishop HOWE held a Confirmation, at which eight deaf-mutes received that apostolic rite. Rev. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN interpreted. These results followed the divine blessing upon the patient and zealous labors of Mr. THOMAS S. ROBERTS, who holds a Sunday afternoon service for deaf-mutes, in the Vestry-room of Grace Church. The Rector, Rev. Mr. STEWART, is much interested in the Mission.

RICHARD GELDER has gone to Marshalltown to remain in case he can get work. We don't wish Dick any harm, but we would be sorry to hear of him getting work, thus causing him to remain away. We only wish he could get work here. Dick is a good boy and notwithstanding he is a mute (he had taught nearly all in our community the dumb alphabet) nearly all could converse with him very easily. He is very intelligent and amusing in his conversation, and has a faculty of raising a laugh. He appears to enjoy himself here and in turn was appreciated by all.—Williams (Towson) Paper.

We understand Mr. GELDER has returned to Williams where his many friends are glad to see him back. He is expert in his trade—that of shoemaking.

A LADY of Worcester, Mass., named Miss ABIE H. WILLIAMS, has made the library of the deaf-mute society of that city a present of sixty-two volumes of Harper's Weekly. In consideration of this donation the library, as before mentioned in the JOURNAL, has been named after the donor—"The William's Deaf-mute Library."

Another lady, Mrs. MILLER, has also presented the library two very readable books; a son of Hon. ISAAC DAVIS, once Mayor of Worcester, also some books and magazines; and Mrs. PIERCE a nice set of twenty-six interesting books. Thus the rapid accumulation of literature for the library in so short a time has indeed been very encouraging to the members of the society.

Prof. JOE TURNER writes that on the 23rd ult., EDWARD P. CHAMBERLAIN, of Virginia, was walking on the Midland railroad track between Washington City and Lynchburg, near a cave, when he was knocked down, run over and instantly killed by a lightning express. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was a graduate of the American Asylum, New York Institution, the oldest son of the late Dr. LEWIS W. CHAMBERLAIN, of Richmond, Va., a prominent physician, and brother of H. M. CHAMBERLAIN, of the old Dominion State, also a graduate of the American Asylum and Virginia and New York Institutions. Mr. TURNER says that the deceased was a schoolmate of his about forty years ago, and was in appearance a very smart and noble fellow, and had a large circle of aristocratic relatives. When will deaf-mutes take the lesson to heart that it is never safe at any moment to walk on the railroad track?

According to the Newburyport (Mass.) Herald, of April 3d, a novel sight was witnessed in the yard of Mr. R. H. ARWOOD, a deaf-mute of that place, on Sunday last, between a rat, hen and rooster owned by the above mute. A hen scratching near a water cask, was suddenly interrupted by a huge rat, and neither would give way. Finally the hen made a pass with her beak, which the rat dodged, and the rat made a spring for her neck, which was not a success. At this juncture, a chick from the hen brought up the rooster, who, like a gallant cock, came into the ring to take a hand himself. Then commenced a triangular scrimmage, with teeth and beaks. The hen had lent him one right in the smeller, which seemed very much to anger the rooster, who gathered for a spring on his antagonist, which was prevented by the cock lighting upon him and putting both spurs into his body, performing the solemn tragedy of hari-kari. Not satisfied with disemboweling his enemy, they picked out his eyes and left him.

## A Murderous Deaf-Mute.

At Fort Wayne, Ind., on the afternoon of April 8th, a deaf-mute, named George Parker, stabbed a boy, named McDonald, inflicting fatal wounds. Parker was arrested.

## DIED.

SPOFFORD.—At Clinton Springs, N. Y., on the 25th of March, Fisher Ames Spofford, aged 68.

Mr. Spofford was a deaf-mute, and for several years a teacher in the Asylum at Hartford, Conn., afterward in this city under the late Dr. Peet, and subsequently for 15 years in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Columbus, Ohio. His remains were taken to his native town, (Bucksport, Me.), for interment.—New York Times.

## TURIN, Lewis Co., Oct. 16, 1876.

Within the short space of a year and a half, Hatcher's Universal Cough Syrup has become the leading cough remedy in my trade, being called for more than any other. I sell it on its merits. No cure, no pay! H. G. EMM.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally. 50-4w.

—Rev. Charles N. Cate, of New York, a friend and class-mate of Rev. James Hoadley (whom many of our readers know), is expected to occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church next Sunday. Mr. Cate is said to be a preacher of more than ordinary power.

—C. F. Tuller is having his house newly painted, and it is said, it is to be the same color as his new hat, and the cornice the color of his hat-band, thus making a fine contrast. Halleck and Ames are doing the job, and of course it will be well done.

—The railroad bonds of the town of Ellensburg, \$100,000 in amount, to aid in the extension of the Syracuse Northern railroad to Henderson Harbor, were destroyed the other day in the fire at the residence of James Clark, one of the town commissioners.

## Nomenclature.

We take the following from last week's issue of the Forest and Stream:

Editor Forest and Stream:—  
 In your issue of March 1st, I notice that "F. E. G." under "Peg and Gun," speaks of having seen and procured a pair of "English (!) snipe" in Orange County. Right here, I would like to speak of an error which many of our sportsmen frequently commit. Either from ignorance or carelessness, the neglect to call birds by their proper names. It is well known that the true English snipe is not a resident of this country, and only a rare visitor; and probably your correspondent referred to the American or Wilson's snipe (*Gallinago wilsonii*), which is so universally misnamed "English." I have known good sportsmen to call the white-winged surf duck (*Ardea fusca*) the "American black duck," when there is about as much resemblance between the two birds as between the mallard and the American coot! I have also heard people apply the name of woodcock to the golden-winged woodpecker (*Colaptes auratus*). I have often thought that if the birds could talk, they would loudly protest against being called by names which do not belong to them, and of being attributed to families of the general class aves of which they are not members. I do not believe that more than half of the so-called sportsmen, or those who are constantly handling the gun, know the correct names of many of the birds they shoot. At least, I have observed such to be the case. Any member of the feathered tribe possessing webbed feet they call a duck, and those having slender mandibles and legs are called snipe, and so on through the list. Now, a little care and observation would remedy all this; and I maintain that it is the duty of every collector or hunter to ascertain the name of any species that is new to him, or about which he has any doubts. To be sure, many birds of the same species differ in color and markings at different times of the year, according to age, sex, etc., which tends to mislead, but the main features and distinctive characteristics remain the same, and a careful examination cannot fail to establish the proper name of any species. This fault is due probably in a great degree to the fact that we are apt to accept the common or vulgar names of birds and other animals, rather than those laid down in the books. For instance, the buff-headed duck is called the "butter-bill," the Carolina grebe, the "hell-diver," the ruffed grouse, the "partridge," etc., etc. But it lies in your power, Mr. Editor, to correct this evil through the medium of your paper; and I have not spoken of it to criticize, but only as a hint to your readers. Meanwhile, believe me ever your well-wisher, and may you meet with the success you so richly deserve.

J. A. S.

Mexico, Oswego Co., March 5, 1877.

## A Suicide.

Last Friday morning our community was startled by the report that a man had committed suicide in our midst. The rumor proved true, the unhappy person being a Frenchman by the name of John Murley, who lived about two miles south of this village.

Friday morning he rose at his accustomed time, and did his chores as usual. When he brought in the milk, his wife told him breakfast was ready. He said he would go to the barn and feed the cattle for the last time. She supposed he meant the last time that morning and thought no more of it. He not returning in a few moments, she went to the barn to call him. Not finding him in the stable, she looked over towards the other side of the barn and there saw his body suspended in the air. Climbing up opposite him, she raised his body up, and endeavored to extract his head from the noose, but failed and fell back in a nearly senseless condition. She succeeded in reaching the door and calling the neighbors.

The body was soon cut down by them, and it is said, that even then he gasped once or twice and changed the position of his arms, so if one who understood how to treat persons in such a condition, had been present, possibly he might have revived.

Mr. Murley must have decided upon this mode of taking his life before he returned to the house with the milk, and probably also had the rope fixed, as as but very few moments elapsed between his leaving the house and his wife going to the barn in search of him.

Lately he had been considerably embarrassed pecuniarily and becoming discouraged had resolved to pass out of this troublesome sphere. Mr. Murley was an industrious and kind-hearted man. He was about fifty-seven years of age, and leaves a wife and two daughters, one of whom is married.

## Northern New York Conference.

The next session of the Northern New York Conference is to be held in the Arsenal street Church in the city of Watertown, commencing next Wednesday morning. Bishop Bowman, whose Episcopal home is in St. Louis, will preside. The day preceding the opening of the Conference will be occupied in examining candidates for admission or for orders—on a four years' course of study. These several committees number about twenty men, and there are about thirty candidates for examination.

This conference, since the re-adjustment of its boundaries, is among the large Conferences of the Methodist connection, numbering 220 members, of whom 156 are on the "effective" list and doing active service for the church.

—D. C. Bartley has been recently appointed turnkey for the Pulaski jail by Sheriff Low.

—Now comes the dreadful house cleaning time.

## Orlando Greenfield.

A Palladium reporter visited Greenfield yesterday. Close confinement and the torture of uncertainty are beginning to tell on him. He exhibits a nervousness in conversation, which is altogether new, and his hand trembles like that of an old man. On Saturday he was visited by Rev. J. C. Stewart of the East Methodist Church and some of the Midland depot revivalists. He engaged with them in prayer and made a short one himself. He has expressed a wish that Mr. Stewart shall be his religious instructor, and that gentleman has accepted the position.

Neither his mother nor his sister have visited him since his sentence, the latter being entirely broken down. He still expresses a strong conviction that he will be granted a new trial.—Osw. Palladium, April 9.

## Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary and Home Aid Society was held at the M. E. Church, last Sabbath evening. Mrs. D. P. Mains acted as chairman of the meeting.

After singing and reading of the Scriptures, Mrs. James Brown offered a fervent and appropriate prayer. Mrs. R. L. Alfred called the roll and read the Constitution. Mrs. T. W. Skinner conducted an interesting exercise in which different members took part. Fannie Wilder read a poem, with much tenderness and pathos, that made a most excellent impression. Mrs. C. B. Thompson read an essay on the comparative expense and outlook of the missionary work. It was full of compact truths and solid thought that contributed to the interest of the occasion. Mrs. Skinner also read an address of deep interest in reference to this noble work of Christian woman. Mrs. B. F. Barker read a letter written by the orphan whom this society is supporting in India. Mrs. H. C. Peck gave a report of the condition of the treasury of the society, also an address on the status of the missionary work, and added practical and important suggestions in reference to the noble enterprise in which they were enlisted. Mrs. Mains, the president of the meeting, gave the closing address in which she presented the duty of the Christian Church to the heathen woman in an impressive and touching manner, that was evidently inspired by the Divine Spirit, and left an influence on the minds of the audience that will go with them, and doubtless incite to greater zeal in the future. The exercises were interspersed



## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Deaf-Mute Service to be Held at Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK, April 7, 1877.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Please allow me to remind my deaf-mute friends of Western New York of the service which will be held in St. Luke's Church, Rochester, on Wednesday evening, May 2d, at 7:30 o'clock. Bishop Cox will be there to administer Confirmation, and I expect to interpret for him. I shall be glad to meet deaf-mutes in the church at 4:30 p. m., to give them instruction. Some may desire to be baptized so as to be ready for the Confirmation in the evening. I trust that a goodly number will avail themselves of these providential opportunities.

Yours sincerely,  
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

### Troy Notes.

From our Own Correspondent.

TROY, N. Y., March 26, 1877.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Excuse my long silence in not furnishing Troy and vicinity deaf-mute news for your paper for the past six months. I fear I have been wayward about attending to matters to be sent to the JOURNAL. But I will now write this article and shall try to be more regular hereafter so as to atone for my past negligence. The progress of the Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club is increasing slowly, but surely under the management of its new officers who stand as follows: President, John T. Southwick, of Albany; Vice-President, Wm. T. Collins; Secretary and Treasurer, Hiram Brown; Janitor, Charles A. Smith. The President appointed Hiram Brown to fill the vacancy in the Treasurer's office caused by the removal of James M. Witbeck. The society, as it seems to me, is doing better than ever before. New members have been added, and Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Fosymire, and Mrs. Schutt have been admitted as honorary members.

On the 10th inst., Mrs. Julia Atkins and Miss Libbie Schutt, the committee on Library, Lecture and Debate, appointed Wm. T. Collins to deliver a lecture before the society. His subject was the "Blue Glass Theory," which was duly appreciated by the audience.

On the 24th inst., at the club room a regular meeting was held, and the debate on the question: "Which is most injurious to mankind, too much wastefulness or too much stinginess?" was opened with Charles A. Smith for one side and Wm. T. Collins for the other. At the close of the debate the assembly adjourned for their homes.

Russell Johnson, aged 38 years, who had been the husband of Miss Jane Pease for three years, died of congestion of the lungs at the house of his wife's brother in Green Island, Saratoga Co., N. Y., last February. His remains were brought to Cohoes for interment. He was a graduate of the New York Institution and his widowed wife is also a graduate of the same. She has our sympathy in her sad bereavement.

In Waterford, N. Y., about four miles north-west of this city, a man was found drowned in the Champlain canal the other day by a deaf-mute, named Joseph Getting while looking for work. The body of the man was identified as that of William Walter, by his acquaintances. He was supposed to have been accidentally drowned while under the influence of liquor. Your readers will remember that Joseph Getting was the hero of that village, when he rescued a man from being drowned in the Mohawk River, whose currents were at that time very dangerous, at the risk of his life. Mrs. Getting, the wife of the hero, has just returned from a four weeks' visit among her relatives and acquaintances at Whitehall, N. Y.

For some days past a deaf-mute vagrant has been in town peddling his A. B. C. letters and also soliciting subscriptions to pay for his board. I am told that he is an able-bodied man and deserves to be looked up for vagrancy.

Rev. Mr. Harrison, the Rector of St. Paul's Church and Mr. Henry Dauchy, the Superintendent of the Sunday-School of the Church, are undertaking the enterprise of forming a Bible class of deaf-mutes which will be under the charge of a well-known and kind-hearted friend, Mrs. Gould, on and after Easter. There are at least three deaf-mute candidates for confirmation on the 29th inst.

A FRIEND.

### Prof. Job Turner's Mission at Fall River, Mass.

Last Monday evening, on my arrival at Fall River, I received a very warm welcome from my good friend, Mr. Samuel Wilkinson, in whose house I found a pleasant home for one night. By his courtesy, I conducted a pleasant service at his house, before eight deaf-mute listeners, whose names were Levi H. Lester, of Providence; George A. Williams, late of Cambridgeport, Mass.; Frank Smith; Miss Mary E. Wilbur, of Little Compton, R. I.; John Irwin, late of Shelton, Vt.; Mrs. Annie E. Irwin, formerly Miss A. E. Webb, of South Windham, Maine; and Samuel Wilkinson. They are all graduates of the American Asylum, and are now living in Fall River, except Mr. Lester. After service we enjoyed a good conversation till a late hour.

I am about starting for Newport to see Mr. Comstock, who is almost a deaf-mute centenarian. Yours truly,  
JOB TURNER.

Fall River, Mass., April 2, 1877.

Ten years ago Fulton had the oil fever, and a company was organized and bored to a depth of 500 feet without success. The fever has returned, and the company will now bore to the depth of 1,200 feet.

### Why I Feel Such an Interest in the Deaf and Dumb.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—There is no class of persons that enlist my ardent love more than deaf-mutes. Some may ask, "Why?" The answer is ready. My own dear daughter belongs to that class. On account of the affliction heaven sent on her, she is doubly dear. That there are advantages that the deaf-mutes have over others cannot be questioned. Their ears are sealed to discordant and inharmonious sounds, such as continually grate on the sensitive nerves of hearing and speaking persons. It often seems to the writer that there is a peculiar acuteness given to the perceptive faculties in their minute powers of observation that is oftentimes denied those who hear. Look into their bright, dancing eyes; how they speak of the soul within! In their silence there is eloquence. There is power in silence oftentimes. The breathings out of the soul are distinctly felt by those in sympathy. Even among talking people oftentimes there comes over them a quiet influence. Sometimes it is that when "the heart feels most the lips move not." The heart has its language as well as the lips and tongue. How many there are among our deaf-mutes who have heard the sweet whispers of a dear, loving Father saying unto them, "Son, daughter, thy sins are all forgiven." Then is it that they have that trust that even their deafness is all right, because Infinite Love makes no mistakes; so they sweetly sing in their hearts, "All is well; all is right."

Perhaps in the future I may write something that will contribute to the enjoyments of the general reader.

E. M. GRAY, M. D.

### Prof. Job Turner at Dorchester.

DORCHESTER, N. H., March 29, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—While I am writing this I am enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Amos Smith's home, which I cannot do long to my regret, as important business calls me to Boston and thence to Providence to-day.

Half a mile from this place are the celebrated Heights, where Washington had fortifications made. One of my great uncles assisted him in defending the place, and was afterwards with him in all the campaigns of the Revolution. Mrs. Smith's deaf-mute husband, now deceased, was for several years editor of the *Dorchester Guide*, which reflected great credit on him and showed him to be a gentleman of fine acquirements. She has two speaking daughters, one of whom is, I believe, an accomplished lady.

Opposite to this abode stands the ancient mansion, believed to be the oldest in Dorchester, which once belonged to a French gentleman named Colonel Swan, who fled from France to avoid imprisonment for a debt which he had refused to pay for about twenty years. After a very long absence he went to his native country where he was arrested, and committed to the celebrated Bastille whence he was released after a confinement of twenty years, when he was embraced and kissed by Gen. Lafayette. Soon after he died and breathed his last.

Permit me to give you some incidents of my journey from West Heniker, the home of Mr. Thomas Brown, to Dorchester, where I am now stopping.

Yesterday morning Mr. Brown kindly took me to the depot, where I could plainly see the esteem in which he was held by his friends. The ticket agent told me that he had known Mr. Brown for many years, that he thought much of him, and had done much business with him. Mr. Brown finds no difficulty in making himself well understood by his old friends.

I stopped off at Concord to make some calls which I enjoyed very much considering the disagreeable weather. I called to see my good friend Mr. Archibald Allison, who showed me some of the lions of the city. He showed me the plain-looking house where Franklin Pierce used to live, and also the dwelling which he built and occupied till his death, after his retirement to private life. He took me to the house where the late Gov. Isaac Hill used to dwell.

We went to Abbott's celebrated carriage manufactory where carriages are made mostly by machinery. During my residence in Virginia, I saw several stages of Concord-make there. I enjoyed a pleasant conversation and a nice dinner with Mr. Allison's sisters. To my great regret I could not stay with them longer. Mr. Allison and myself called to see a young deaf-mute lady, named Lizzie M. Cole, who received us kindly, and with her we walked to see another young mute lady, named Lizzie M. Sargent. We also took a pleasant walk about the city, and stopped at the State house for a few minutes, after which we turned our faces towards the depot, whence the train took me to Boston, at which city I arrived in the midst of a hard rain-storm.

In a few minutes, I found myself at Mrs. Prof. Atwood's interesting lecture, the subject of which was a tale of Ponce de Leon, of Tyre, which may be found in Shakespeare's works. At the close of her address I was requested to make a presentation speech and tender to her a beautifully arranged bouquet, which I did with great pleasure. After the ceremony the deaf-mute listeners dispersed, having spent half an hour in pleasant conversation. Mr. Livingstone came to me and invited me to stay at Mrs. Smith's house which I have done. I am about leaving here for Boston and Providence.

Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

—We understand that L. D. Smith and C. C. Brown (who has been for several years in the law office of Skinner and Wright), have formed a co-partnership. We wish the new firm much success.

—B. S. Stone started for Chicago on Monday. He expects to be absent ten days.

### Letter from the first Pupil of the Columbia Institute.

LANSING, Mich., March 28, 1877.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have received the package from you containing five copies of your paper of different editions, and knowing many of the deaf-mutes mentioned in the JOURNAL, I enjoyed the perusal very much and considered the news very interesting.

Our weather is fine to-day, overhead, with a bright sun and clear sky, but the roads are not very nice, as the old snow has not all disappeared. In this town many unemployed men are striving hard to obtain work. I am more fortunate than a great many others in these hard times, as I have steady employment at fair wages in the cabinet business. I am now working on black walnut and ash bureaus.

The church, on the upholstering of which I was working, was dedicated two weeks ago.

I am pleased to hear of the successful career of the National Deaf-mute College, at Washington, D. C., and that the number of students is on the increase. I was the first pupil that went to Washington to attend school in the building that was occupied before the present College was erected. Three boys and one girl were my classmates. Their names were: John Quinn, James Henry, Isaac Winn, and Annie Szymanski. James Henry was killed by the cars several years ago, and I have heard that Annie Szymanski has been dead for six years. I have a great desire to know if John Quinn and Isaac Winn are yet alive. I left Washington twelve years ago and have never been there since. I would like to visit the place again some time.

A deaf-mute and wife named Boylan, live in this town. Mr. Boylan is quite successful in his business of carriage, sign, fresco, and portrait painting, gilding, guilting, bronzing, paper hanging, and any other useful work. He is called by some, one of the best of painters. I often call to see them and enjoy their society.

Mr. Boylan gave me a list of deaf-mutes living in Jackson and the presents each received on last Valentine's Day. The following is a list of their names (which you will please not correct) and the presents they received:

M. S. Kern, fine Africa picture; Jacob Bording, fine goose; David Bennett, Saddle; John H. Whiting, fine meerschaum pipe; Thomas Inise, new overcoat; Ben Buch, two leg bones; Ral Goodrich, one hoe; Mrs. Jacob Bording, fine gold earring; Mrs. Tom Anise, one sewing machine; Mrs. John H. Whiting, one fine ice-water pitcher; Mrs. Ben Buch, six yards beaver cloth; Mrs. Ral Goodrich, new table toilet goods; Miss Ada George, six fine golden bottles; Miss Mary Organd, one wig and a new suit.

Hoping that you are getting along successfully in a financial way with your paper, I remain,  
Yours truly,  
WILLIAM H. BLOOD.

### Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HARTFORD, Conn., March 30, '77.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The health of the pupils here is excellent. There has been but one serious case of sickness. A boy had the diphtheria, and danger being apprehended, notice was sent to his parents. His mother came and was with him in his sickest moments. What a pleasure to be by one's friend's bedside during sickness! It pleased the Lord to restore the patient, and now he is at school again.

Mr. Keep, who has been long sick and absent from his class, is not yet able to resume his duties, and is not expected back to his class-room for some time to come. Mr. George Stone, brother of our principal, has therefore been called to fill the vacancy, and I am pleased to be able to say that his services are very acceptable.

Several of the teachers and the principal have also had the misfortune to be absent from their posts of duty by sickness for a few days at a time. Your correspondent is now a victim to disease caused by a bad cold. His attentive wife proves to be an excellent nurse, and it is hoped that with such good care he will soon be liberated from confinement.

About the 20th of Feb., a storm accompanied by a high wind, visited this vicinity, and so severe was its violence that it tore off a portion of the tin roof from the east wing of this institution, and a portion of a chimney was blown off. The damage was soon repaired. The east wing is occupied by the principal and his family. No personal harm was done by the falling bricks.

Rev. W. W. Turner is still living, but is in very poor health from overwork. He had undertaken the arduous labors of correcting church records and nervousness has set in. He is a true friend of deaf-mutes, as every one who knows him will acknowledge. We hope that he will be spared to us, and that he will recover his health.

The 22d of February was observed as a holiday, and in the evening the pupils were treated to refreshments.

One of the First Class boys, named Simpson, gave a successful magic lantern entertainment the following Saturday evening.

OLD HICKORY.

### A Deaf and Dumb Sculptor.

There has just been placed outside St. Saviour's Church for the Deaf and Dumb, in Oxford St., England, a statue of "The Good Shepherd," which was entirely modeled and carved by Joseph Gaven, a deaf-mute, who was a pupil of the late Mr. Bennet, and an assistant of the late Mr. Foley. The statue is pronounced by competent judges to be an admirable work of art. He also produced a model in competition for the Wellington Memorial, and has executed marble busts for private patrons.

COM.

### Gossip from Boston.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The weekly Wednesday evening lecture before the society of deaf-mutes in J. A. Andrew's Hall, on the evening of March 28th, was, notwithstanding the inclement weather, attended by the largest audience, and also was the most interesting of the season. The lecture was delivered in a very clear and pleasing manner by Mrs. R. H. Atwood, of Newburyport, Mass., whose subject was taken from Shakespeare. At the close, Prof. Job Turner quietly stepped forward with an elegant bouquet, and while making a short presentation speech informed Mrs. Atwood that he had been requested to hand it to her by some of her friends present. She was too much surprised to make any reply, but simply expressed her thanks amidst great applause.

Mr. Tillinghast, who happened to be present, then took the platform and informed the audience that some one over the signature of "Hope," who was connected with the Marblehead Society, had in a letter to the JOURNAL, expressed their best wishes for the continued success of the Boston Society, which he considered a very kind and Christian-like act, and for which he desired to thank them in the name of the society. He then briefly called their attention to another article, signed by some person styling himself "Justice," in which he (Mr. T.) failed to see the least sense of justice, and had come to the conclusion that the writer thereof did not know what the word justice means. He thought he was very glad to be able to attend the lecture that evening, but judging from the tone of his letter, did not think that he would care to attend Sunday services there, as he evidently did not profess to be a Christian, and as to his remarks that two or three gentlemen of the Boston Society wished to prevent Prof. Job Turner from preaching, he (Mr. T.) could truthfully say he knew them not. For himself he should be glad to see the learned professor there oftener, and had requested him to officiate twice a month, but he had been obliged to decline. He had requested Mr. Turner to reply to that article through the columns of the JOURNAL, as it referred to him in particular, which he had promised to do. So your readers may expect shortly to see another letter on the subject, and if "Justice" does not have justice meted out to him it will be because the professor knows not its meaning.

Among those present were Pres. Soper of the Lowell Society, also Miss Soper; Messrs. Hunt, of Maine, and Newhall, of Melrose. Mrs. Geo. Homer has been a frequent visitor at the hall lately, both to the Sunday services and lectures.

If a report I hear is reliable, the doors of the other society in Temple Hall, are now "closed to the public Sunday," and there exists at present but one religious society in Boston. So may it continue to be the wish of all except those who are actuated by a feeling of jealousy, envy, hatred and malice, and let us hope that there be few such among us.

Wm. Bailey, of Marblehead, is expected to officiate for the society, April 1st. Wm. Lynde, who takes much interest in it, and to whom is due the credit of calling the first meeting which resulted in the formation of the present society, will follow April 8th. Prof. Turner April 15th; and if arrangements can be made it is intended to have the Third General Conference Meeting on the 29th, when the weather will be more settled and a large attendance, and many good results are hoped for.

REPORTER.

Boston, March 31, '77.  
Death by Drowning of a Student of the National Deaf-Mute College.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 2d, '77.  
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—We have the sad and painful task of recording the untimely death of a fellow student and friend. Frank A. Branner, the tallest and strongest of us, has been suddenly and unexpectedly called to a better world, where there are no cares nor sorrows; though it can scarcely be said that he had any here, for he was always cheerful, kind and obliging. Only four days ago we parted from him on the expedition to the Great Falls, and he seemed to be in his best spirits; and who, looking at his tall frame and perfect symmetry of form, would have thought that he would have been cut off so suddenly in the flower of his youth and in the pride of his manly strength! The news of his death has come upon us like a shock, and we can hardly believe our senses yet; for he had endeavored himself to us by his cheerful disposition, his kind heart, and his many other virtues. Although he was a strong, powerful man, he never, to our knowledge, abused this advantage over others weaker than himself; but, on the contrary, always took sides with the weakest party, and his hand was at the service of everybody.

In the death of Frank A. Branner the College has lost a valued student, the students a cheerful and ever-obliging friend and companion, the Kendall B. B. C. one of its best players.

He came to his death by drowning at the Little Falls of the Potomac River—a sad ending of a life that had given so much promise. The members of the Ham and Herring Society had pitched their camp at the Little Falls instead of at the Great Falls, as was originally intended; but Mr. Branner had gone on to the Great Falls in his canoe, with a few others. If he had only staid there until the end of the holidays, this sad accident might never have happened, and we might have had him among us again, looking as cheerful and bright as ever; but regrets are useless, and what has been done cannot be undone. When Mr. Branner heard that the rest of the party were staying at the Little Falls, he returned and joined them. But a

few hours afterward he resolved upon the foolish feat of crossing the river in his canoe. The Potomac was considerably swollen by a freshet, and the currents were swift and strong; but Mr. Branner was reckless, and put too much confidence in his personal prowess. He had paddled as far as the middle of the river when his frail canoe encountered a strong current, which swung it round and round like an empty egg shell. In an instant the canoe tipped over, and its occupant was thrown head-foremost into the cold embrace of the waters. As soon as he rose to the surface he had the presence of mind to take hold of his boat, and if he had retained his hold until some one could have come to his rescue, all might have gone well yet; but

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, 'it might have been.'"

The shore was only a few yards distant; he let go his hold of the canoe and struck out boldly for land and life; but he had overrated his powers as a swimmer, for the current drew him down twice, and at the third and last time his head was seen to shake violently, and he sank to rise no more. Thus perished one of the best-natured fellows in the world; one who never spoke a cross word to any one in his life, and who was the only son and hope of a widowed mother. The sorrow felt at his death is deep, and it will be long ere we cease to miss his manly form in all our sports and games, his cheerful smile, and the hearty grip of his brawny hand.

STUDENT.

### Salem Notes.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

March 29th was a day that will be long remembered by the sons and daughters of the Salem Deaf-Mute Society as the first appearance of a lady lecturer on their platform. The members met at their rooms at the usual hour, and were called to order by the chairman of the committee, Mr. H. A. Chapman, who gave notice of a course of weekly Thursday evening lectures by P. W. Packard, to commence in April, fast day excepted, and said that Mr. W. B. Swett would lecture April 24th. He then introduced as the lecturer for that evening, Mrs. Mary P. Atwood, of Newburyport, Mass. She took for her subject "Pericles," from Shakespeare, which was delivered in a graceful manner to the satisfaction of all present, among whom were Miss Lake, Secretary of the Lowell Silent Union, and several from Marblehead. At the conclusion of her remarks, Mr. Packard expressed himself as much pleased with the lecture, and hoped she would repeat it in other places and thus encourage other ladies to go and do likewise.

He was followed by Mr. W. Bailey of Marblehead, who said that he was glad to be present and that the lecture was well delivered. Mrs. Bowden also made some pleasant remarks. The lecture was delivered before the Boston Society the evening before to the largest audience of the season, and Mrs. Atwood was presented with a magnificent bouquet from some unknown friends and the same evening was requested to deliver another lecture, but was obliged to decline.

Our secretary H. A. Chapman has after a long period of inactivity, found something to do in the way of landscape painting, and, judging from what I have seen, he is not ignorant of the art. Several years ago at the Washington College, he enjoyed an excellent reputation as an architect, but has not been able to find employment in that capacity, and we hope he will be more successful in his last undertaking.

Since writing the above I have noticed an article over the signature of "Justice" in last week's JOURNAL. I am well acquainted with all the facts in the case, and think that the writer is probably a member of the Mission, and is jealous of the success of the other Society which has pursued the even tenor of its way, making no threats and interfering in no way with the Mission, and all well-disposed persons wish it success. I should have taken no notice of the article had not the writer seen fit to publish another in this week's JOURNAL, so full of misstatements that I must make a few remarks. He says the mutes of Boston have not the least idea of asking Mr. Tillinghast to help them. If he will publish the names of those who desire Mr. Tillinghast to cease all exertions in behalf of the new society, I will publish the names of those who desire him to remain, as I was present when he was requested to assist them. That is a fair offer. He says the Mission is well managed by Boston gentlemen; then why does it not prosper? Why have its preachers left it and gone to the other society, and will he please mention the gentlemen who are managing it so successfully? He should be proud of them. As to Mr. Tillinghast being a director of the old library association, it is well known that all financial matters were in the hands of the trustees. Mr. Tillinghast being thoroughly disgusted with the society as it then was, resigned his position, and your correspondent did the matter, and allowed it to be dissolved. As soon as they were informed who had taken the lead in starting the present society, they consented to act again. I have said enough for the present, and am prepared to prove all I say. I will now attend to my own business again.

OCCASIONAL.

Salem, Mass., April 2, 1877.

—Charles L. Webb received a postal card, yesterday morning, from Mr. Theodore Herbert, containing the sad news that his grandson, Theodore Taylor, was dangerously ill—not expected to live through the day.

—Mr. Stacey, of the Hamilton House, will re-open the Deolittle House, Oswego.

### On Good Friday.

IT IS FINISHED—THEY HAVE DONE THEIR WORST.

O, what a solemn day Good Friday ought to be to us all! With what bitter sorrow ought we to think of our Lord and Saviour nailed to the cruel tree, I never open my eyes on a Good Friday morning, but I think I see a large crowd of people gathering from all parts of the country and towns going up Calvary Hill to see this great and good man put to death—for what? Not for any wrong He has done, but because He has performed more good on this beautiful earth than any other man has done. As I write I can see Him. In my mind I see His good mother and the other Mary, and how their hearts must have ached. I see Him taken up before Pilate to answer for Himself, but little does He say. He has done enough in what little time He trod the earth to let those cruel, fierce Jews know He is more than a man. He stands like a poor lamb brought to the slaughter, with a meek countenance. His very heart has bled with the thoughts of the hardness of men's hearts. Eighteen hundred years have elapsed since that cruel day, but every Good Friday brings it up fresh to my mind. I don't know how others feel, but I always feel on Good Friday as if I were going to the funeral of a dear and dear friend, and when I think that that noble Being, who had never done wrong in His life, but been obedient to his parents and toiled at the carpenter's bench like other young men; had mingled with the lowly and the great, and knew what it was to be poor among wicked men; I know how to feel for us all, and when I think that He endured all this, not for himself, but for you and for me, to save us from sin, I think how good we ought to be as a reward for His sufferings.

I often see the poor oppressed by those who could relieve them. I know it is not so with our Heavenly Father. He knows and feels what the poor have to bear. I know we all ought not to be poor, we can all feel rich in goodness towards God, and always ought to give thanks without ceasing. He ought to be in our minds always. I often wonder how those soldiers who were guarding that grave felt as they saw the stone rolling away, and our Lord that was dead arise and come forth. No wonder they trembled and fell on their faces for fear. They had heard and seen enough to convince men before that, but the Jews were not prepared to receive the great Messiah in so lowly a manner as to be born in a manger. They expected Him to come in great pomp and glory. He did come in great glory, but poor and lowly without a place to lay his noble head. How we each of us ought to try to repay Him by walking in the straight and narrow path that leads to eternal life, and to treat all men as our brothers and to do to others as we would like them to do unto us, but how few we find of such. When I think of His mercy towards us all, and see how much He returns us for our misdeeds, I am led to wonder. He is always kind to give us the sun, the rain to make the earth to bear abundantly of all we need to make us poor, wicked mortals happy. I never look at the different shades of the flowers, but I say to myself "Who can make such beauty as this but He who is above everything?" He sends the beautiful rain on the wicked as well as on the good. They are all His children, and He loves us all and feels more for us than our earthly parents; and now, after all His goodness, he leaves us with a good understanding to do right, and He expects at the great judgment day for us to answer for our deeds on earth with our presence before Him, with a good account of ourselves. He will take no excuse from us. O, often do I think that Pilate could find no fault with our Lord, and still he allowed Him to be struck and spit upon. Yes, He endured all this for the sins of the whole world. How each one of us ought to try and say, as we lay our heads at night on our pillows, "I will, before it is too late, before the dawn of another sun, make myself worthy to appear before the judgment bar of God."

J. TAYLOR.

Lawrence, Mass., April 2, 1877.

### PARISH.

Our common schools commenced to-day. Miss Mary C. Chesbro is the teacher in the senior department; Miss Marietta Norton, the primary; and Miss Hattie Potter, the branch school.

The monthly concert of the Sunday School was held at the church last evening.

Jacob Larabee, an old and respected inhabitant of this town, moved to Leroy, Dodge Co., Wis., the past week.

The sugar maples, most of them, remain undisturbed this spring.

—Sir Walter Scott, after experiencing a reverse of fortune, once remarked "that nothing saved him from insanity save his habit of writing," for this called his attention to something else. His experience is but the experience of many others. It is the experience of the writer of this postal card. Doubtless the grandest thoughts that ever emanated from the pen or platform have come from those whose lives' travel has been hard and difficult. How fortunate it is for some that they can throw themselves into a superior condition, so as not to be a total wreck.

PARISH, April 9, 1877.

—We hear that milk cows are not held at quite so high figures as they were.

—Miss Jennie Whitney, of Oswego, is in town, visiting friends.

—George A. Davis, of this village, has the supervision of five cheese factories.

### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

BOSTON, Apr. 7, 1877.

MR. EDITOR:—A rush of trade, and a mild attack of spring fever, (laziness) has given your readers a rest for two weeks, so far as "Yankee" was concerned. But the winter being over—the spring half gone, and President Hayes at work reconstructing his new party, it is perhaps allowable to torture you with more of my intellectual inwardness.

### THE GREAT REVIVAL.

Has entered on its third and last month, and the interest is as great as at the opening night. Nearly 6,000 people get together twice daily, at the Tabernacle (to say nothing of the overflow meetings at different places about the city) and the interest manifested by all classes, seems to increase as the end draws nigh. Mr. Moody seems to gain strength physically and spiritually by his labors—and although at times his energies flag a little, his strong will sustains him, and the wonderful work he is doing is a marvel to the religious world. With occasional indisposition, Mr. Sankey also keeps up remarkably well, and carries his part of the services in a very pleasing way. It is announced that the meetings will close on the first of May. Speculation is at work how best to utilize the great building and make it a home or meeting place for the numbers who have found peace and joy within its walls. No doubt a permanent organization will soon be effected which will keep together a fervent, religious class of worshippers, whose zeal in their work, will not run to the building of costly churches, or the adoption of sectarian mischiefs of modern theories.

### MURDER OUT.

Boss Tweed, the great New York thief, has come to the confessional. He is to be released from prison, has given up his plunder, implicated all of his confederates, and, in his conduct, answered the great question he once asked—"What are you going to do about it?" His papers and memoranda implicate very many statesmen of both political parties. If one or two of your county politicians don't come to grief by the exposure, it will be more luck than grace. The account of his escape from jail reads like a dime novel—while his letter to Charles O'Connor offering everything for his liberty, is a manly, intelligent, and final surrender to the laws he has dictated and outraged. The Boss will now cease to be a subject for Nass's pencil. Let the old man rest in peace.

P. S. The spring exodus of celebrated statesmen will be enlarged by the revelations of Tweed—Oakley Hall being the pioneer.

### BUSINESS.

Is again suffering from the unsettled condition of political affairs at Washington. The sales of dry goods in the city for the week now closing, are very much less than the previous week. In hardware and heavy goods there is a fair trade at small margins. In the produce and provision trade the usual activity prevails.

Business men have become impatient and restless over the constant wrangling of politicians—the employment of unheard-of commissions—and the never-ending twaddle of party bunnies, and they appear determined to use their influence in favor of peace and more trade, rather than waste time on such queries as "who killed Cock Robin?" or "who paid for Sims?" or whether they were actually killed or paid for. Whether Eliza Pinkerton "would fight a buzz saw," or whether she has had a post office offered to her, may interest some "idiosyncratic" metaphysician or seeker after new cures from blue glass, but such stuff don't help to raise cotton, tobacco, wheat or corn. Neither are such things (and others of about as much consequence) of great profit in the matter of exchanging commodities, or furnishing employment to thousands of idle hands, North, East, South, and West. A little nonsense, now and then, may be relished by the wisest men, but when it is all nonsense and no money, lots of good people will agree with the facetious John Owens—"it don't pay."



